Cruikshanks delin Barlow sculp

And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er, and o'er
Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.

Publish'd as the Act directs, by J Roach Russel Court opposite New drury Theatre Royal. May 31st 1794.

ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POETS. N.o XI.

PALEMON and LAVINIA,

by James Thomſon.

An ESSAY on CRITICISM,

by Alex.r Pope Esq.r

The Vanity of Human Wiſhes

by Samuel Johnson.

IL PENSEROSO;

by John Milton.

INKLE and YARICO,

&c. &c.

Forth from a Thicket rush'd an Indian Maid,
Whom the Hot sun-beams tempted out to rove.

LONDON.
Printed by & for J. Roach Ruſsel Court opposite New Drury Theatre Royal, 1794.

Price Six Pence.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence,
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind;

Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd;
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
 Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile:
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would an hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's that might an hundred tire.
 But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bare a critic's noble name;

Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts,
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
 Firſt follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame
Unerring nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides;

In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole.
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains ;
Itſelf unſeen, but in the effects remains.
Some, to whom heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe !
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the muſe's ſtead ;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed ;
The wing'd courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.
  Thoſe rules of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature ſtill, but nature methodiz'd.
Nature, like liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſeld ordain'd.
  Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites.
When to ſuppreſs, and when to indulge our flights :
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod ;
Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then criticiſm the muſes handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd :

But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some drily plan, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.
You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, ſubject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe:
And let your comment be the Mantuan muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,

Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critic's law,
And, but from nature's fountain, ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign:
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, were the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly diviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſcatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its ends at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.

Great wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend.
But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Modern, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
  I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due Diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
  Still green with bays each ancient altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive war, and all involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!

In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe;
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty name ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far purſues your ſlight;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!
  Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind;
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools,
Whatexer nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit falls, ſteps into our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away.
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend——and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draugths intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of arts.
While from the bounded level of our mind.
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpects tire our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ,
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe for that malignant dull delight
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit,
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed——but we may ſleep.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts:
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.
  Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles is a praiſe.
Moſt critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
  Once on a time, La Mancha's knight they ſay,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian ſtage;

Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our author happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice:
Made him obſerve the ſubject and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſt left out.
'What leave the combat out?' exclaims the knight;
Ye, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.
'Not ſo by heav'n (he anſwers in a rage)
'Knight's, 'ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage.'
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
'Then build anew, or act it on a plain.'
Thus critics of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing not exact but nice,
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts,
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taſte confine.
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing juſt or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace.
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd:

Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh, thro' exceſs of blood.
  Others for language all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs;
Their praiſe is ſtill,—the ſtyle is excellent;
The ſenſe, they humble take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found:
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place:
The face of nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd;
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, meer modern in their ſenſe;

Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaz'd the unlearn'd, and make the learn'd ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new, or old;
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.
But moſt by numbers judge a poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire!
Who haunts Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Nor far the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Thoſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft crept in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where'er you find 'the cooling weſtern breeze,'
In the next line, it 'whiſpers thro' the trees:'
In cryſtal ſtreams 'with pleaſing murmurs creep,'

The reader's threaten'd not in vain) with 'ſleep,'
Then at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line.
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gentle blows
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rocks vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize.
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:

Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
  Avoid extreme; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much,
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe:
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
  Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
  Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt:
Tho' each may feel encreaſes and decays
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.

Some ne’er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne’er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dullneſs joins with quality.
A conſtant critic at the great man’s board
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my lord.
What woeful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv’d hackney ſonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines.
How the wit brightens! how the ſtile refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev’ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn’d by being ſingular:
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance got right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So ſciſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn’d for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they lame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right:
A muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us’d,
This hour ſhe’s idoliz’d, the next abus’d.
While their weak heads like towns unfortify’d,
’Twixt ſenſe and nonſence daily change their ſide.

Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools; ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo:
Once ſchool-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read;
Faith, goſpel, all, ſeem made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
If faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft', leaving what is natual and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit:
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
  Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind;
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſes ourſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate;
Pride, malice, folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of parſons, critics, beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:

Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.
  Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their father's failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd,
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand:
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light:
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live;

The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy:
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd:
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated; and by knaves undone!
If wit ſo much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Tho' triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the critic let the man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
  But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obſcenity ſhall find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth and eaſe:
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all an eaſy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wit had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The fair ſat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away;
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation:

Where heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
Learn then what morals critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critique on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true:
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

Without good-breeding truth is diſapproved;
That only make ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe,
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrants in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
Then when they promiſe to give ſcribling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, jades will mend their pace.

What crouds of theſe impenently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
  Such ſhameleſs bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears,
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to D'urfey's Tales.
With him moſt authors ſteals their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay fly to altars; where they'll talk you dead;
Nor fools ruſh in where angels fear to tread;
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide
Burſt out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet too proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Nor dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred, and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly prize the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spreads all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, ſhould preſide o'er wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,

Our critics take a contrary extreme ;
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tranſlations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
  See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line !
  Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, and the courtier's eaſe.
  In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt methods join'd :
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order and diſpos'd with grace.
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
  Thee, bold Longinus ! all the nine inſpire,
And bleſs their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt :
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws ;
And is himſelf that great ſublime he draws.
  Thus long ſucceeding critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew ;
And arts ſtill follow'd where her eagles flew ;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then ſuperſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind ;

Much was believ'd, but little underſtood;
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd with wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each muſe, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then ſculpture and her ſiſter arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida; on whoſe honour'd brow
The poet's bays, and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name;
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd muſes paſs'd
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance.
But critic learning flouriſh'd moſt in France;
The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boilieu ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilиz'd;

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd wits fundamental laws.
Such was the muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
'Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well.'
Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walſh—the muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful muſe may give:
The muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing.
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter or offend:
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

PALEMON AND LAVINIA.

By JAMES THOMSON.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave innocence and heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a wooden vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty conceal'd,
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt [illegible] nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wet's its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,

Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace,
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd. adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amidſt the cloſe embowering woods,
As in the hollow breaſt of Apennine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes far from human eye,
And breaths its balmy fragance o'er the wild:
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the gen'rous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye:

Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes, from his gaze;
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'e,
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd:
'What pity; that ſo delicate a form,
'By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
'And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
'Should be devoted to the rude embrace
'Of ſome indecent clown! ſhe looks, methink,
'Of old Acaſto's line: and to my mind
'Recalls that patron of my happy life,
'From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
'Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
'And once fair-ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
''Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
'Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
'Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
'His aged widow and his daughter live,
'Whom yet my fruitful ſearch could never find.
'Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!'
When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,

Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And through his nerves in ſhivering tranſports ran!
Then blaz'd his ſmoother flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
'And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
'She whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
'So long in vain? O yes! the very ſame,
'The ſoften'd image of my noble friend,
'Alive, in ev'ry feature, ev'ry look,
'More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring!
'Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
'That nouriſh'd up my fortune! ſay, ah where,
'In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
'The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
'Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair:
'Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
'Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years!
'O let me now, into a richer ſoil.
'Tranſplant thee ſafe; where vernal ſuns and ſhowers
'Difuſe their warmeſt, mildeſt influence;
'And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
'It ill beſits thee, Oh it ill beſits

'Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
'Though vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
'The father of a country, thus to pick
'The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt fields,
'Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
'Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
'But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
'The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
'If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
'Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
'That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!'
Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul.
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thoughts, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours:
Nor leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous ofspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

THE
VANITY of HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LET obſervation with extenſive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager ſtrife,
And watch the buſy ſcenes of crowded life;
Then ſay how hope and fear, deſire and hate,
O'erſpread with ſnares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the weary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the miſt delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chaſes airy good.
How rarely reaſon guides the ſtubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the ſuppliant voice,
How nations ſink, by darling ſchemes oppreſs'd;
When vengeance liſtens to the fools requeſt.
Fate wings with ev'ry wiſh th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art.
With fatal heat, impetuous courage glows,
With fatal ſweetneſs elocution flows;

Impeachment ſtops the ſpeaker's pow'rful breath,
And reſtleſs fire precipitates on death.
But ſcarce obſerv'd the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide-waſhing peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor ſafety buys,
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe.
Let hiſt'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madded land,
When ſtatues glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord:
Low ſkulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Tho' confiſcation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy,
Increaſe his riches and his peace deſtroy;
New fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling brake alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade.
Nor light nor darkneſs bring his pain relief,
One ſhews the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet ſtill one gen'ral cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur loads the tainted gales;

Few knew the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' inſidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With cheerful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,
See motly life in modern trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with various fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new made mayor's unweildy ſtate;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;
How wouldſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to decry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophic eye.
To thee were ſolemn toys or empty ſhow,
The robes of pleaſure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe griefs are vain.
Such was the ſcorn that fill'd the ſage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How juſt that ſcorn ere yet that voice declare.
Search ev'ry ſtate, and canvaſs ev'ry pray'r.
Unnumber'd ſuppliants croud Preferment's gate,
Athirſt for wealth, and burning to be great:

Deluſive Fortune hears th' inceſſant call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry ſtage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and inſult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the ſinking ſtateſman's door
Pours in the morning worſhipper no more.
For growing names, the weekly ſcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies:
From ev'ry room deſcends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And ſmoak'd in kitchen, or in auctions ſold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form diſtorted juſtifies the fall,
And deteſtation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the laſt appeal,
Sign her foes down, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Thro' Freedom's ſons no more remonſtrance rings.
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our ſupple tribes repreſs their patriot throats,
And aſk no queſtions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and ſeptennial ale,
Their wiſh is full to riot and to rail.
In full blown dignity ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs conſign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty ſhine,

Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r:
Till conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted, left him none to ſeize.
At length his ſov'reign frowns—the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the ſign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is loſt the pride of awful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate.
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuſe of monaſtic reſt.
Grief aids diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the faith of kings.
  Speak thou, whoſe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolſey's wealth, with Wolſey's end be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer pride content,
The wiſeſt juſtice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolſey near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?
Why but to ſink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
  What gave great Villiers to th' aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?

What but their wiſh indulg'd in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?
When firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the ſtrong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And * Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive ſcience yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt ray,
And pour on miſty doubt reſiſtleſs day;
Should no falſe kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor Praiſe relax, Nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no diſeaſe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy ſhade;

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* *There is a tradition, that the ſtudy of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs over it.*

Yet hope not liſe from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing world to turn thine eyes,
And pauſe awhile from letters, to be wiſe:
There mark what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail:
See nations ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To buried merit raiſe the tardy buſt.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her laſt prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes;
See when the vulgar 'ſcape deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons ſeize on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' ſmaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or ſequeſter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the ſhock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and ſleep.
The feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirld,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;

This

This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet reaſon frowns on war's unequal game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name.
And mortgag'd ſtates their grandſire's wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.
On what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes let Swediſh Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific ſceptres yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his hand, but ſpread her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
'On Moſcow's walls till Gothic ſtandards fly,
'And all be mine beneath the polar ſky;'
The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary coaſt,
And winter barricades the realms of Froſt;
He comes, not want and cold his courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:

The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And ſhews his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait;
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hoſtility, and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his ſide;
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;
Freſh praiſe is try'd till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial ſhow,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;

Th' incumber'd oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Cæſarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rouzing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Huſſar:
And the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of haſty greatneſs ſtands the fatal doom,
His foes deriſion, and his ſubjects blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.
Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe;
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernel flow'r,
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore.
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;
Nor pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And Luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.

Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds, alas, would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſs'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor ſweeter muſic of a virtuous friend,
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt;
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hunt the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.
  Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or view his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
  But grant the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;

Whoſe peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating Conſcience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who could wiſh its end?
 Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes flagging wings;
New ſorrows riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns,
Now kindred merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous laggs the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
 But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſcarch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.
 The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radient eyes,
Whom pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night.
Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, aud each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs Freedom, and the private Friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
By Int'reſt, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
Now beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing infamy proclaims the reſt.
 Where then ſhall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Muſt dull ſuſpence corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries attempt the mercies of the ſkies?
Enquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.

Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r.
Implore his aid, and his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill:
For patience, ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

PHILOSOPHY.

By JOHN MILTON.

HOW charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns,

INKLE AND YARICO.

MERCATOR * tempted by the happy times,
Quits his own ſhore for Oriental climes,
With choiceſt goods his wealthy veſſel lades,
And leaves for India's, Britain's cooler ſhades.
But as, enraptur'd with indulgent gales,
That kiſs'd each wave, and ſwell'd the curling ſails;
The veſſel drove, a ſudden burſt of rain
Impetuous ruffled the Cerulean plain;
Conflicting winds deſcend with rapid flight,
And, whirl'd in hurricane, tumultuous fight.
Surges on ſurges, waves on waves ariſe,
That proudly foam, and blot the azure ſkies;
The cordage rattles, and with ſails declin'd,
The ſhip bewilder'd drives before the wind;
Till weaken'd with th' extremes of Ocean's pow'r,
At laſt ſhe bulg'd againſt the Indian ſhore.
When from an ambuſh, lo! encircling round,
A cloud of Indians thicken'd on the ground,
And with barbaric rage, the crew they tore,
Eat of their fleſh, and quaff'd the ſtreaming gore—
All but MERCATOR;—him, lo! flight unſeen
Now ſaves from death, and from the tragic ſcene;
With tim'rous haſte amid the woods he flies,
(Fear in his heart, and horror in his eyes)

'Till

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* *The writer, for poetical reaſons, has altered the names to* Mercato *and* Barſina.

'Till ſpent with wearineſs, himſelf he laid
Beneath a waving elm's embracing ſhade,
Where a long range of thick'ning foreſts grows,
And twining boughs a cooling ſhade compoſe;
Their pleaſing charms his reſtleſs thoughts controul,
Soothe his tumultuous breaſt, and tune his ſoul.
But lo! ere gentle ſleep had lent her aid,
Forth from a thicket ruſh'd an Indian maid,
Whom the hot ſun-beams tempted out to rove
Thro' the thick mazes of this ſhady grove.
Alluring beauty and perſuaſive grace
Beam'd in her eye, and brighten'd in her face;
Her jetty treſſes flowing hung behind,
And wildly wanton'd in each breeze of wind.
Refulgent jewels plac'd with artleſs care,
And ſhining bugles glitter'd on her hair.
Whoſe beams reflect the ſun's meridian ray,
And add new ſplendour to the blaze of day.
At once they ſaw, with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Commutual paſſion darting in their eyes;
While from each boſom ſympathetic ſighs,
And mutual heavings, mutual tears ariſe:
The undiſtinguiſh'd forms of ſpeech imparts
A tort'ring anguiſh to each longing heart,
The pow'rs of language too deficient prove
To ſhew the thrilling ecſtacy of love;

But ſouls like theirs, myſteriouſly wrought,
Converſe by ſilent ſympathy of thought.
She led MERCATOR to a friendly ſhade,
A cooling grotto elegantly made,
Where ſweet Sebæan odours' fragrant bloom,
Their ſmells diffuſing round a rich perfume;
Where hyacinthus, and the purple roſe,
A downy bed of various ſweets compoſe.
She plac'd him there, and gave a choice repaſt.
Subſtantial food, delicious to the taſte;
And in a curious ſhell with ſpeed ſhe brings
Tranſparent water from the limpid ſprings.—
Oft when the moon, in trembling ſtreams of light,
A paler day ſhed o'er the gloom of night;
And when with gentle ſighs the ev'ning breeze
Remurmur'd ſoftly thro' the wiſp'ring trees,
Pleas'd ſhe would lead him thro' the ſhady ſcenes
Of Caſſia groves and everlaſting greens,
Too anxious leſt each gale of breezy air
Should hurt her love, or diſcompoſe his hair;
Or, while he ſlept, wou'd tune the meltlng ſong,
Or modulate the muſic of her tongue.—
Thus for ſome months,——
Once, as they walk'd in a ſequeſter'd grove,
And am'rous told the pleaſing tale of love,
The Indian maid began, and with a ſigh,
That fetch'd a pearly tear into her eye,

Thus ſpoke (for to expreſs herſelf ſhe'd found
In Engliſh accents and diſtinguiſh'd ſound)
‘ Still as I view theſe ever-pleaſing bow'rs,
‘ Once the dear ſcenes of thy Barsina's hours,
‘ Corroding thoughts and ſad reflections riſe,
‘ And all the parent triumphs in my eyes.—
‘ Mergator ! oh, the thought diſturbs my reſt,
‘ And ſpreads its thrilling horrors in my breaſt.
‘ Once as I ſlept beſide yon ſoft caſcade,
‘ While Cynthia's pearly beams around me play'd,
‘ Sudden appear'd a viſionary fair,
‘ Whoſe radiant luſtre brighten'd all the air;
‘ A virgin's veſt the blooming phantom wore,
‘ And in her hand a verdant thyrſus bore;
‘ Then wav'd it thrice, and ſpoke, Unhappy Fair,
‘ And vaniſh'd from my ſight in fluid air.
‘ O ſay, my love, what means this phantom gueſt,
‘ And why theſe horrors in my tortur'd breaſt?
She ſaid, and ceas'd; her lucid eye-balls pour
In chryſtal ſtreams the ſoft diſtilling ſhow'r,
The ſalient blood its ſprightly courſe diſdains,
And curdling freezes in her icy veins;
Confuſion on her falling ſpirits hung,
And half-form'd accents flutter'd on her tongue.
Rous'd from this fainting fit, Mercator preſt
The weeping beauty to his am'rous breaſt,
And ſought by balmy words to calm her fears,
And ſtem the ſwelling torrent of her tears;

‘ Thus my BARSINA, as I view (he ſaid)
‘ Unrival'd beauties in my lovely maid,
‘ Alas! thy ſorrows doubly touch my heart,
‘ With equal grief and ſympathizing ſmart;
‘ Each chryſtal tear, with agonizing pains,
‘ Runs thro' my ſoul, and thrills along my veins.
‘ Heav'n's! ſhall a nothing, an ideal ſhade,
‘ Whoſe poor exiſtence is by fancy made
‘ Diffuſe its horrors thro' thy tender breaſt,
‘ Taint ev'ry thought and diſcompoſe thy reſt?
‘ Why waſt thou born with ſuch a coward mind,
‘ The ſport of ſhadows, or a gale of wind?
‘ Forſake theſe barb'rous coaſts, theſe ſavage plains,
‘ Where tyranny and ſuperſtition reigns:
‘ This arm ſhall guard BARSINA from the foe,
‘ Repel each ſtorm, and intercept each blow;
‘ Thou, lovelieſt of thy ſex, in me ſhall find
‘ A tender parent, and a lover kind,
‘ And in my country, glorioſly array'd,
‘ Shalt ſhine in crimſon, or more rich brocade;
‘ And in thy ſweet charms with elegance expreſs
‘ All the grand gay variety of dreſs.’
These ſilken words an eaſy entrance find,
And charm the poor deluded Indian's mind;
Frequent ſhe climbs a lofty mountain's brow,
Her far-ſtretch'd eye-balls ſkims the deeps below;
At length an Engliſh ſhip, by tempeſt toſt,
For ſhelter makes th' inhoſpitable coaſt;

The Indian ſees, and riſing joys impart
A thrilling pleaſure to her longing heart;
With eager haſte, borne on the zephyrs' wings,
The joyful tidings to Mercator brings,
They both aſcend the ſhip—the azure ſea
Wafts them ſpontaneous on the chryſtal way;
The veſſel drives, with ſoft refreſhing gales,
And ſoon Barbadoes greets the ſwelling ſails.
No more Barsina's beauties now can move,
But av'rice triumphs o'er the ties of love;
The wretch, by that deſtructive paſſion ſway'd,
To ſlav'ry ſold the hoſpitable maid.
  She heard—and fell reluctant on his breaſt,
Embrac'd the wretch, and with fond joys careſt—
Then ſtrove to ſpeak—in vain the accents riſe,
Her fault'ring breath evaporates in ſighs;
Nature oppreſs'd grew weak—ſhe ſwoons—around
A general ſigh diffus'd a mournful ſound—
An heart of adamant wou'd melt in woe;
And barren rocks in copious torrents flow;
Marble wou'd weep, and ſympathetic ſighs
Force the pearl dew-drops from Barbarian eyes;
But *he*, relentleſs, ſails before the wind,
And expeditious makes the port aſſign'd.

I L P E N S E R O S O.

By JOHN MILTON.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed with all your toys!
Dwell in ſome idle brain
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams.
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddeſs ſage and holy!
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe faintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight;
And thereſore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid Wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem;
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauty's praiſe above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended;
Yet thou art higher far deſcended;

Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain).
Oft in glimm'ring bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſteadfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And locks commercing with the ſkies,
The rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes;
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with God doth diet,
And hears the muſes in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure.

But firſt and chiefeſt with thee bring
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheel'd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong
In her ſweeteſt ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-ſong;
And, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heaven's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off curfew ſound,
Over ſome wide water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit;

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vaſt regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhy nook:
And of thoſe demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe pow'r hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or elſe the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy pow'r
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bow'r,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſiſe,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wond'rous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung.
Of foreſts, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, night, oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
Not trickt and flounc'd as ſhe was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud;
While rocking winds are piping loud.
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling,
His flaring beams, me, goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves,

Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt;
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from the day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And, as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And have the high embowered roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Calling a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,

In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into ecſtacies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of ev'ry ſtar that Heaven doth ſhew,
And ev'ry herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee would chooſe to live.

HYPOCRISY.

By JOHN MILTON.

NEITHER man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, thro' heaven and earth;
And oft tho' Wiſdom wake, Suſpicion ſleeps
At Wiſdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems.

ON FREEDOM.

Written at an Inn.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From ſlatt'ry, cards and dice, and din ;
Nor art thou found in manſions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundleſs pow'r I reign ;
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaign ;
Such Freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falſehood's ſpecious grin ;
Freedom I love, and form I hate ;
And chooſe my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my ſordid ore,
Which lacqueys elſe might hope to win ;
It buys what courts have not in ſtore,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his ſtages may have been ;
May ſigh to think he ſtill has found
The warmeſt welcome at an inn.

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